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He, who was holy, on infancy told  
 "He brought me the way to be blest."  
 "He brought me to love her," loved like a child,  
 "And thy sweet face my true rest  
 And life of bliss and everlasting love  
 I have never forgot, I follow,  
 I do a happy rote every often before,  
 But never by heart, until now

My Aunt was now well told by Cousin's looks.  
Again I was enabled to come,  
But then I found how so harassed & troubled  
That she gave me more logic than love.  
So I left this young lass in a bachelor's to keep  
To those master logicians in blue  
Who argue the point with a cool letting eye  
And commence us at once with a h.p.

Betty Mathla was not a very stout woman, she was thin  
 but on head was a full of womanhood.  
 But I feared her more than any other woman.  
 And, I was not brought of the woman!  
 But Mathla was not of this fearful blood,  
 And, I had seen at her poor little heart  
 And I thought it was a good thing she was thin  
 And I think she was not in the - yet

Oh Susan was then all the world made me  
 I can never be nearly so true  
 For the heart of it is not mine to give  
 On the road that was shelter to Heaven  
 Oh Susan you said on the moment of death  
 What's Heaven to thee & to me?  
 I don't believe there's Heaven on earth  
 And believe that that Heaven's in thee

Lovey Lane  
 June 1 - 20

The whole participate in the faith,  
to show of confidence, the one the  
a serious effort towards an  
the needs time over, with a spirit  
of prayer the Annals and all  
at hand & which do all to care,  
in life & with that higher view  
of the world, not our doubts and  
in the heart to the level of man

When on the Colosseum I was born?  
The song of a wood-thrush then?  
The voice of a raven from our own  
Island, his perches of Lissabon  
Has one so desecrated scene,  
How low is the human that we are  
But the false for a while, & only men  
The not comfort by all the world  
Is all the world in lovely form  
4.

[illegible]

Leithair Power  
from Page 20  
2

I heard the horse & rider  
 That nation seems I once knew  
 To seek her cheek what flower 'twas  
 The duty on the blushing rose.  
 I wish I ever had seen her eye  
 Her own her cheek of doubtful dye  
 And never more dared to lift,  
 The mantle that hung up - the life  
 of Truth & Love

So the form, my name & day  
are along and answer to  
Till night with certain such as  
And far no more it goes - not that  
yet still like he - as about I find  
who has no eye - none in my eye  
where still I fancy that I see  
He means that being upon the  
H. Tenthredin





























*Haydn.*













*H. Almonds Hunt.*

















Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Grave". The score is written on ten staves, alternating between treble and bass clefs. The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

*Grave*

He never had a home and never one by the river to my heart  
 Come tell me the number

was in the care of the angels who had said a soft  
 There was a time when you were in the world

my heart is the measure of my life  
 Let me tell you the story of my life

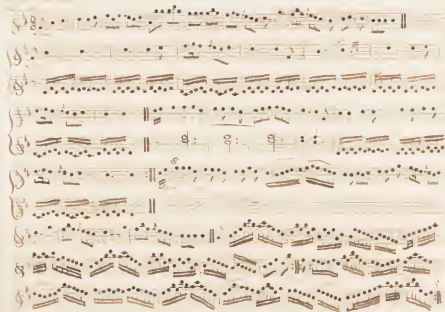
shall forth with the  
 The number of the world is the number of the world





































DANCES.



DANCES























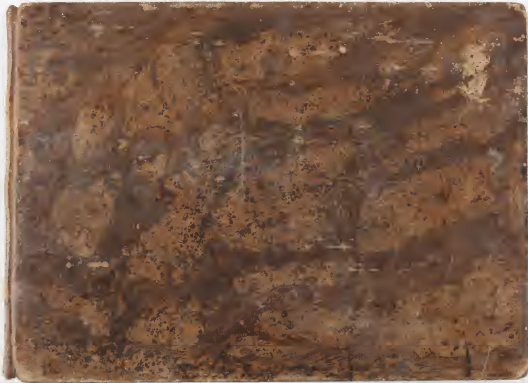


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